

SING ME TO SLEEP MY MOTHER.

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, oh, sing me to sleep ;
But why dost thou look so joyless ?
Mother, oh, why dost thou weep ?
They say the world above us,
Is brighter than this we leave ;
'Tis there I am going, mother :
Then why, oh, why shouldst thou grieve ?

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, for I fain would go ;
Thou knowest that I love thee, mother,
Then why art thou weeping so ?
The angels are calling me, mother,
Those beings so radiant and bright ;
Their voices are sweet, my mother,
Their robes are glowing with light.

Dost thou not hear them, mother ?
They say to me : " mortal arise !
And we'll bear thee on wings of love
To our home beyond the bright skies ! "
They say the earth is fair, mother,
Yet its flowers but bloom to decay ;
And oh, 'tis eternal spring time
In the spirit-land, far away !

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing to me but once more,
Ere the spirit shall take its flight
To that purer world to soar.
I know there's a brighter world, mother
And I trust that world's for me —
Think gladly of me when I'm gone,
And in heaven, I'll watch o'er thee.

